

The Times - Dispatch

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1912.

A PREPOSTEROUS ATTACK.

The attack on the Chamber of Commerce and its committee last evening by a minister of the Gospel was a most amazing incident. We thoroughly understand how there could be an honest difference of opinion as to the effect and value of the Jordan enabling act. In the discharge of what they conceived to be their duty, a committee composed of men representing nearly every creed and business in Richmond appeared before the Senate committee and opposed the passage of the Jordan act. For this, these gentlemen who, with the Chamber of Commerce, have stood for purity in their private lives and patriotism in their public services—men who would never tolerate a trafficking in decency or a making merchandise of morals—were imperiously and violently assaulted by a minister of the Gospel and charged with the most sordid motives and the basest and most discreditable standards.

This incident would seem incredible had it not occurred.

The Chamber of Commerce and its work furnish the only and the only necessary answer to such abuse. Character is above accusation. The Chamber of Commerce needs no defense from The Times-Dispatch, or any other newspaper, but we could not let so preposterous and amazing an incident go unnoticed.

THE CITY BUDGET.

Largest and most liberal in the annals of the city is the annual budget reported last night by the Council Committee on Finance. It exceeds that of 1911 by \$258,494.26, a most remarkable fact, as is disclosed by the reminder that the 1911 budget broke all records. It is most wisely diversified and distributed with the perspective of the city as a whole always in sight.

The whole appropriation for streets is more than \$400,000. The money thus to be expended is called for by a comprehensive plan for building up every section of the city and making its thoroughfares modern and complete. A new armory and a new market are included in the general scheme, besides the long needed building for the Street Cleaning Department. The enlargement of Byrd Park is contemplated. Broad Street is to be smoothed paved. Property protection is recognized by the purchase of a new auto engine, while sixteen call men in the Fire Department are to be added as full time men—so that the central fire engine houses may be fully manned and equipped and the dense districts, where the fire risks are greatest, properly and adequately safeguarded.

Whole salary increases are wisely omitted. Approximately a 10 per cent. raise is granted to public school teachers, but in the discretion of the School Board this is to be used discriminately and not loosely and without regard for merit.

As a general proposition the budget has been most wisely formulated and the interest of the city as a whole well served. The distribution of the city's money is equitable, fair and far-sighted. Certain specific appropriations are available, but, as a whole, the budget is excellently constructed.

"THE MONEY TRUST" INVESTIGATION.

In order to deal effectively with the problems before the Committee on Banking and Currency, Congress must first discover and isolate the "Money Trust." Vague misgivings from timid patriots and vehement denunciations from editors and publishers like William Jennings Bryan are hardly sufficient evidence for beginning an investigation. Certainly nothing has been shown upon which any reasonably informed man would believe the existence of an organized band of financial powers operating together, for example, as the Standard Oil trust or the tobacco trust is accustomed to do. That men of vast wealth combined by railroads or dominate great industries like copper and steel is common knowledge; that such allied interests control banking and trust companies for their private profit is generally understood and demonstrably true. Even the fact that large moneyed interests may act in concert to advance prices when fundamental conditions are propitious, or conversely may unite in withdrawing their support when, in their judgment, a period of depression is apparent, is not only highly probable and certain to be expected, but practically admitted by all hands, for it is nothing more than putting into effect the same sort of information upon which smaller bankers, merchants and manufacturers base their business transactions.

The extent to which these alliances have been carried, how far credit has been given or withheld, to what extent great financiers have anticipated alike prosperity or depression, will be a matter of wide and general interest, and such information the "Money Trust" investigating committee may reasonably hope to gain.

If, however, the committee expects to show that secret combinations of financial highlanders both have and exercise the power of bringing on at will good times or panics, then the committee is doomed to failure in advance. Good times may be unduly prolonged by a reckless use of money, for example, the boom that began in 1898 was kept going in the fall of 1906, though call money loaned at 125 per cent. And when the inevitable crash came in 1907, doubtless individuals combined to plunder the weakened members of the banking fraternity, as in the case of the speculation of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, but the panic itself was a catastrophe which Wall Street did not bring on and could not prevent. Not Morgan and Rockefeller could keep business booming when the trend of events calls for rest and recuperation; nor could these two bring on a real business panic if they would. They could squeeze stockbrokers, they could cause a violent stock market convulsion, but they could not stop the pulse of the whole country, unless natural causes were in their favor. The great tide of business ebb and flow—good crops or famine, or new discoveries or overproduction—lie beyond the control of any man or body of men. The power of money is largely centralized, yet the deposits of all the Morgan banks, with the railroads and the Steel Corporation among their clients, are less than the deposits of the savings banks in New York City. So, even in money, as in power, the people are stronger than the financiers. Whatever else the investigation may or may not bring forth, it will not create a panic.

LONG LIFE IN SPOTSYLVANIA.

From Spotsylvania comes an amazing tale of how long people live in that idyllic community. The natives live so long that they forget they are not immortal, and it was only the death of a woman in her ninety-eighth year that called attention to the existence of a buxom colored girl of 104 (possibly 105). The conservatism of that doubt about a stray year or so is very commendable. Old folks are likely to forget things. And they are sometimes likely to reach the condition of one of Thomas Hardy's peasants, who never got intoxicated, but sometimes found himself the possessor of "the multiplying eye." But none of this exaggeration for the Spotsylvanians. They looked into the matter dispassionately, and found another youth of 104, two of 100, seven of 95, eight of 90, and so on. They stopped counting below eighty.

Anyhow, Virginia is proud of them. It shows that Ponce de Leon was right after all; he only missed out a few degrees of latitude on the Fountain of Youth. This must be a favored region, for nobody really lives longer than he finds life worth while and interesting. So life must be very beautiful to make one lengthen out the span to over 100. It proves Brown-Ing right when he sang:

"Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be,"

and lays a soothing hand on the hot brows of men fretted and fearful at the nearness of a fiftieth birthday.

And this long-livedness is a good thing for society. This week's Independent, in an article on the length of life, says:

"In seeking length of years it is obvious that there is no purpose to prolong the misery so frequently incident to the senile state, but so to develop the organism through correct living and prevention of disease that one may pass over a long period of life in an active, vigorous health to a final period in which there shall be present a sense of safety and a wish for death. There would be, therefore, a greater utilization of accumulated experience. . . . The preparation and education essential to our modern civilization demand a great deal of time, and as the stock of knowledge increases the time required for acquiring it must be lengthened proportionately."

These stout-hearted ancients in our midst are like living texts on wisdom and the goodness of life. They show what can be done by temperance and keeping the spirit young. A sine, sweet age, defying loneliness and change, is a proof of what value life in itself is. It may have unusual sorrows, like those of the three old mountain sisters, all above seventy, who declared they had often been sick ten years at a time. But it takes courage for that. And even that other Hardy story of the "grafter" who claimed to be 128 years old because he knew he had planted turnips for sixty-four summers and sheared sheep for sixty-four winters, and therefore must be 128, only shows the just pride men feel in long withstanding the chances of a windy world.

PASS THE GAME BILL.

The Senate will be called upon today to act upon the Mowbray game bill, a measure which has elicited the general support of the press and the thinking people of Virginia.

The proposed law has one, and only one, object in view, and that object it has shown itself capable of accomplishing in nearly every State in the Union—the protection of bird-life, incidentally of game. The species comprising the latter class may alone be destroyed, and only under such wise restraint as to insure against utter annihilation. The legitimate destroyers of these game species are regarded, not always correctly, as sportsmen. The sportsman, or he who indulges in the luxury of the sport, is alone required to bear the cost of bird protection and natural propagation. Could anything be more logical? Is this requirement a hardship? Will a majority of the chosen representatives of our people be misled into believing such a restriction is in any way unfair? We think not. The man who opposes the provisions of this bill argues himself selfish and utterly unreasonable, since he is not willing to

profit by the experience of nearly every other State in the Union. The man who hunts is the one who destroys our birds. Who then should be required to bear the burden of insuring to us an unimpaired supply of feathered creatures? There is but one possible answer. A hunting license cannot be said to be unfair, nor does any one seriously consider it so. It is the reasonable restraint which the law imposes upon unreasonable people that causes the latter to cry out against protection. The inconsiderable license fee is merely a pretense which the outlaws make capital of to screen their real motives. It is difficult to listen seriously to an objection to a small license fee when the person objecting spends large amounts on dogs, guns, and ammunition. The opposition is really to any restraint whatever upon promiscuous slaughter, and not against the small charge which will make better sport possible. There is hardly a huntsman in the State who would not invest large sums in an improved gun if a larger bag were insured thereby.

A SPEECH WITHOUT WORDS.

"A lawyer by profession, but a farmer by occupation," is the frank way in which Representative Theron Aklin, of New York, describes himself in that book of vanity, the Congressional Directory. There are some lawyers hereabout who really could describe themselves in a like manner. However, returning to the Congressional Record, Representative Aklin will surely put it out of business if the fashion he set the other day in speech-making is to be followed. He made a wordless speech, and it attracted so much attention that it is regarded as one of the most effective delivered in Congress in late years.

Mr. Aklin, after being recognized by the man who made the "houn dawg" song famous, sent two packages to the Speaker's desk. When they were exposed to the view of members, one was seen to be a large and generous dinner pail labeled, "Full Dinner Pail, 1900." The second was a small and battered pail, just half the size of the other, labeled "Dinner Pail of 1912." Of course, this was a bit theatrical, but it showed how absurd is the claim of the Republican party that it is the best friend of the workman.

Would that the Aklin style of speech-making were more popular in Congress! Would that the Hon. Napoleon Bonaparte Thistlewood would cease quoting pages from the great poets and economists, would that the Hon. Edwin Yates Webb would no longer insert in his speeches the full newspaper account of the unveiling of the battle monument at King's Mountain, incorporating the full address of President Henry Nelson Snyder, of Wofford College, and a long ode! Alackaday, such incoherence cannot prevail, for if congressional speeches were wordless, what would become of the "applause," "applause in the galleries," "long and continued applause and cheers on the side," which so many congressional liars insert in the Record in speeches which were never made? What is a Congressman, anyway, but a colorful and mystifying aggregation of words?

"My little nuisance" was what a Dakota man called a St. Louis stenographer. Now she is suing him for \$25,000 "love harm," and we wonder what kind of nuisance he's calling her now.

The Roosevelt Dynasty will continue, for he has arranged to choose his successor. At this writing, however, he has not stated which Democrat it will be.

Uncle Simpson Pepper has added a library to his house. It's a nail for the patent medicine almanac to hang on.

Mr. La Follette and conscience are both wee small voices just now.

Signorina Bwana Tumbo has been persuaded to sing an Encore.

Here is a little preachment which some of our country contemporaries may their wallets be filled to bursting—can deliver to their constituents:

If you find the local news scarce in this paper this week, it is because nothing is happening. If all of you persist in sitting in the fire, refusing to go anywhere or to let anything happen to you, why, you can expect the paper to have nothing in it. If somebody don't get in a fight with his neighbor, fall down and break a leg, or do something to cause a little excitement, your home paper will have to begin to fill its columns with piteous tales. You'd better get busy and cause something to happen.

That is from the Merwin M. Clippert, but the point applies anywhere. Before kicking about the lack of news, first try to make some. Help the editor.

The time bill is a burning question.

VERSE FOR TO-DAY

Remonion.
Why are you absent all these weary years?
O friend, you were not wont to bring me woe.
When we twain walked together long ago.
Why do you not absolve me from my fears
And staunch these burning, unavailing tears,
Which through my night so piteously flow?
Is there no balm for this bewildering blow?
A voice from out the dusk enchants my ear:
"The arms of death are strong as triple brass;
He holds me with a strangely slumberous spell
And binds me with so tense a phantasm
I may not from his dark dominion pass.
But he shall bring you here; so all is well."
When he unites he cannot part again!
McHENRY LEWIS.

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

From the Hickoryville Chronicle.
Hickoryville, who is the living skeleton of a circus in the summer and is so thin that you can play a tune on his ribs with a couple of mallets just like a xylophone. A very sad accident took place at Hickoryville's one day last week as the deacon was on his way home from the store with a jug of cider in one hand and a dozen eggs in the other. The sidewalk was some slickerish in front of Am Perkins's barber shop and the deacon sat down quite suddenly, suffering the fracture of about a dozen ribs and the dozen eggs. The deacon says he don't mind bustin' the ribs, but eggs is eggs. Those days when a deacon suffered a compound fracture of the elder jug. The jug was all busted up, but the deacon was so hard it didn't break.

Owing to the high price of meat the Supreme Knights of the Universe has felt called upon to sacrifice their lodge goat and there will be a barbecue in the lodge hall up over the drug store next Tuesday evening. Amos Butts, our gentlemanly undertaker, also livery, feed and sales stables, has got one of them big calicoes which just gives out a big sheet, and Amos says he can't ever keep track of what day it is, for he can't remember whether he pulled the sheet off or left it on those days when by last week unbeknownst to Amos, and he missed a funeral by two days, but it didn't make any difference as Amos is the only undertaker here and the late deceased had to wait for him.

Dipped From the Stream.

Even if Lorimer was once a boot-legger, it was a long time ago and cannot be construed as a reflection upon the bootleggers of to-day.

Theodore Bear lives in Chicago. It would be difficult to guess who his favorite candidate for the presidency will be.

Nick Longworth announces that he is supporting Taft with all his might and one of the best ways for Nick to support anybody.

A woman nine feet tall was married in Missouri this week. She ought to be able to reach the high cost of living.

There are a lot of presidential possibilities who will have to go back to work again next summer.

But doubtless he would rather be called the emperor of Roosevelt than the haminot Roosevelt.

There seems to be room now for a Democratic Annulus Club.

A New York woman rescued a man from the slums and then married him. That may or may not be considered a rather doubtful sort of rescue.

But China will never become a republic like the United States until it adopts baseball as its one absorbing passion.

Ohio will have a new Constitution. Her old one is terribly run down, especially by the magazine writers.

That remark, by the way, is dirty, an invention.

English as She is Spoken.
An old negro went into a corner grocery operated by another of his race and inquired politely:

"I ain't askin' you no eggs, is yo'?"

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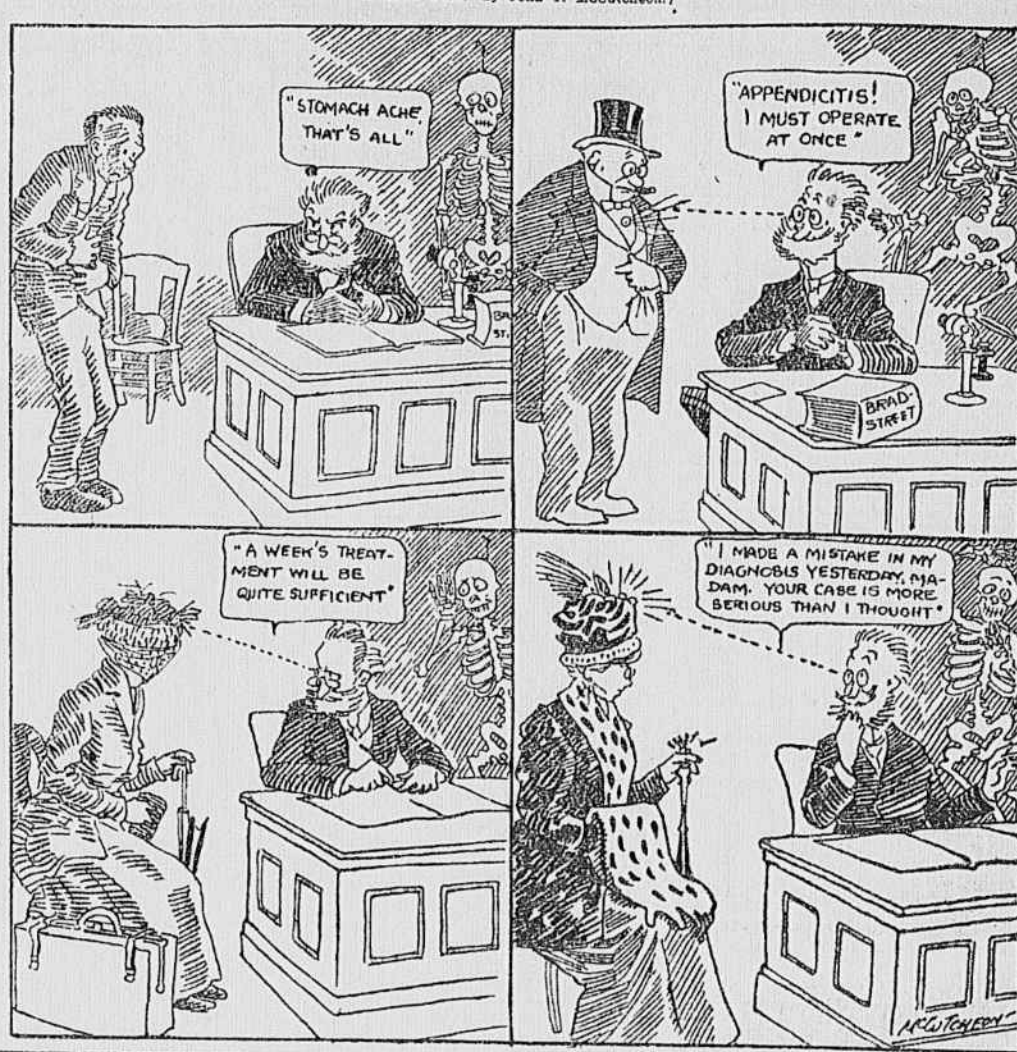
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A CERTAIN TYPE OF MEDICAL VAMPIRE.

By John T. McCutcheon.

(Copyright, 1912, by John T. McCutcheon.)



Voice of the People

For Game Protection.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir:—Will you allow me to express my views of the proposed game law, and to entreat our representatives to more stringent laws for the protection of game, and most important of all, laws that will have the laws enforced. If something is not done and done quickly the game of this section will soon be a thing of the past.

The buffalo of the Western plains have been exterminated. As I am about to quote some remarks from W. T. Steele, which appeared in this paper on Friday the 17th, to prevent any one from thinking that I am a city sportsman, will say right here that I own a small farm in Hanover county and have a rabbit in my pen.

The sportsman who gets up a surprise party.

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These hunters live in the country and don't own any land. They keep from two to three hounds and our dogs, and hunt for the meat in season and out of season every day in the week and sometimes on Sunday. I don't mean by this that every one of these hunters every day, but that the hunting is going on by some of them all the time.

When one of the hunters remains at home a day or goes to do a day's work for some farmer, his dogs are out on a hunt for themselves, and the game is kept on the go. These same hounds and curs that are always on the hunt for game, are always on the hunt for game, and are always on the hunt for game.

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